

THE HERALD.

Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

The Eastern Mail leaves at 9 a. m. and arrives at 1 p. m.
The Western Mail leaves at 2 p. m. and arrives at 6 p. m.
The Overland Mail, via Bala, Buffalo, Pleasant Ridge and Massillon, leaves on Tuesday and Friday at 7 a. m. and arrives Monday and Thursday at 6 p. m.
The Centertown mail arrives at 10 a. m. and departs at 11 a. m. Wednesday.
C. J. LAWTON, Postmaster.

The Discovery of Tobacco.

In an article, in *Powemy's Democrat*, we find the following account of its discovery—and an Indian legend about its mysterious origin.

"The tobacco plant was first discovered, so far as is known, by two men sent out by Columbus to explore the island of Cuba in November, 1492. After their return to the vessel they told many doubtful stories in regard to this plant. A more intimate acquaintance with the country and its plants revealed the fact that this weed had been used by the inhabitants for centuries, and had been handed down from time immemorial. The leaves were dried and rolled in the dry leaves of the maize or corn, and the inhabitants had smoked and dreamed their lives away undisturbed by the man, until one fine day Columbus went cruising in search of a new world and disturbed their reveries. The use of this weed was a great novelty to the Spaniards, though it was evidently ancient and familiar to the natives. No doubt they had smoked and reveled in narcotic pleasure long before Columbus was born, or the great colonist, Sir Walter Raleigh, brought this country within the country precincts of Elizabeth.

From the very earliest and most authentic accounts we have of the nations of North America, we learn that tobacco was almost a deity—a gift from the Great Spirit—and one that he partook of himself. A story was told by an aged Seneca chief that has been handed down from mother to son for many generations, as is follows:

Once upon a time two of their young men went out upon a hunt, and having killed a deer and broiled part of it, with which they were appeasing their hunger, the clouds opened and a beautiful woman descended from heaven and seated herself near them on the ground.

Thinking that she was hungry and wanted food, they offered her some. She accepted and ate with evident relish. After she had disposed her fragrant meal, she bade them come to the spot where she sat, at the end of thirteen moons, and they should be rewarded for their kindness.

They did so, and found, where her right hand rested, muske; where the left hand rested, kidney beans, and where she sits, tobacco. This is the Indian tradition in regard to the discovery of this plant, now so widely distributed and celebrated, and so important in commerce.

Why Don't You Learn a Trade.

This question was propounded in our hearing, a few evenings since, to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in some of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill luck, one of his friends who knew his mechanical talent, doubted whether he could make himself useful as a salesman, put the interrogatory to him which we have placed as the caption of this article. The reply was, that a trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation. Under this delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures. Late, too late, they discover their error, and, before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrifty mechanic, whom, in the days of their boyhood, they were accustomed to deride. The false views of respectability which prevail in the fashionable society of the present day, have ruined thousands more. Learn a trade.—N. H. State & Union.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon tells this story: "A poor man who had a large family gave them a very comfortable support while he was in health. But he broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lank, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. "Father could not attend this meeting," he said, "but he sent his prayers, and they are out in the cart." They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork, and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction.

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid, care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts do.

When a young man sets out to court a girl, the differential manner in which he regards her big brother is truly remarkable.

A Beauty's Bit of Bitterness.

Sacramento Record's San Francisco Letter: The University party came off on Wednesday night at Union Hall. "I'm having the most magnificent time," said one of the students in the dressing room the third dance after intermission. Her cheeks were flushed, and the diamond powder was dropping out of her hair, and her eyes shone with excitement, but the head had come off her white satin slipper, and then she must wait while it was sent out to be fixed, and all that tantalizing music and such a lovely dancer waiting to claim his number on the card. She tapped her foot restlessly; hummed with the music; tucked up her hair by the glass—anything to make that man hurry back with her slipper. Alas! just as she pushed it on and nodded to that lovely dancer waiting her turn, the music stopped, the dance was over. "Too bad!" she said. "Never was such a disappointment, for I'm engaged clear into the fifth extra," and out they sailed, two very unhappy looking mortals.

Illegal, but Sweet.

They have a novel way in Silver City, Nevada, of evading the law on election bets, which for originality is as marked as the danger that if it should become popular in this State, Attorney General Moss would have to import a brace of Philadelphia lawyers to help him out of the snares. In Silver City a young lady but a young man a kiss that Tilden won, she to pay if Hayes was elected. On the morning of the 8th he called and paid the bet; on the 9th he called and "took it back." That evening she paid the bet, next morning she "took it back" and he paid; then she paid and so they were kept busy by the contradictory dispatches ever since, and both declare their willingness and ability to hold out till Congress decides the question.

A Secret Worth Knowing.

An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret: "This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I had as soon chase butterflies on a cloudy night. The only way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for."

A Thought for Young Men.

No wreck is so shocking to behold as that of a dissolute young man. On the person of the debauchee or inebriate, infamy is written. How nature hangs his head over him, to testify her disgust at his example! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame. The wretch whose life-long pleasure it has been to debauch himself, and to debauch others, whose heart has been steeped with sin so that it is black all over, is an offense to the hurt of the unblemished.

A North Carolina correspondent gets off the following: "Well, we are lazy in Norfolk, that's a fact. But there is no need of working here. If a man has energy enough to dig a worm he can take a pin hook and catch enough fish in one day to last him two. If he is too lazy to dig a worm, he can tie a piece of flannel rag on a string and catch enough crabs to last him a day or two, and if he is too lazy to tie a piece of flannel to a string, he lays down his back on the sand at ebb tide, opens his mouth, and when the tide comes in, the crabs come into it. What need is there of work in a country for which nature has done so much?"

Miss Alligator Moore, despite her name, got a husband. She had made up her mind to stand no nonsense, and, expecting a serenade with horns, tin pans, and other noisemakers, she turned her house into an arsenal on the night of her marriage. The serenaders approached cautiously, and were ready to begin a din, when four shotguns blazed from the windows. Wounds were numerous; and the fun was spoiled. This was in Giddings, Texas.

A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise neglected is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

A little girl, in one of the Boston schools, brought her teacher a nosegay of flowers the other day, which the teacher carried for some time, every now and then enjoying their fragrance. By and by, another little girl said: "I know where she got those flowers." Where? "Oh, her little cousin was buried yesterday, and they were on the coffin." "What did he die of?" "Scarlet fever."

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, jr., says that at least one thousand joined the various churches in New York, as the result of Moody's meetings, and scores of drunkards, who were reformed and converted, hold out to-day.

"Miss," said a sop to a young lady, "what a pity that you are not a mirror!" "Why so?" "Because you would be such a good looking lass."

Most men like in women what is most opposite their own characters.

Something About Bees.

An old friend of mine, an enthusiastic philosopher, told me that being at a friend's house one dry summer, when all the fields and flowers were scorched up, he saw thousands of bees busy in the fields of clover then in bloom.

"I wish my bees were here," said my friend. "Probably they are," replied the gentleman.

"What at forty miles distance?" "Yes," said his friend. "On your return home dredge the back of your bees with flour as they issue from the hives in the morning, and we shall see."

This was done, and his friend wrote to him directly: "There are plenty of your white-jacket bees here in the clover."

But whatever is the fact with the bees, ants follow their noise much more than their eyes. In my garden I saw a train of ants ascending an apple tree; go up by one track; and descend by another. As in ascending, they passed between two small shoots that sprung from the bole, I stopped their passage with a piece of bark. The ants did not see this obstruction with their eyes, but ran bump against it and stood still astonished. Soon a crowd of them had thus been suddenly stopped, and were anxiously searching about for a passage. By various successive starts forward, they eventually got around the obstruction and reached the track on the other side. The line of ascent was renewed, and thenceforward, on arriving at the barcade, they went, without a moment's hesitation, by the circular track. I then took out my pen-knife and pared away a piece of the outer bark on the open hole where the ants were descending. The effect was the same. The sent had been taken away, the ants came to a dead stand, and there was the same confounded crowd, and the same spasmodic attempt to regain the road, which being effected in the same way, the scent was carried over the shaven part of the bark, and the train ran on as freely as before.

When all the people of the whole country are engaged in productive industry, either directly or indirectly, it must result in general prosperity, whether wages or profits are high or low. If wages are low, capitalists are pushed forward. If there is a disproportion between capital and labor, and the latter does not get enough, the evil soon regulates itself, by more engaging as managers, and making labor more in demand. This runs up wages. If capitalists and managers make nothing, they cease to hire, wages drop, and many become idle. This is exactly the trouble now; too many persons are out of employment. The evil has been greatly increased by that kind of despotism which has so extensively ruled, known as trade-unions, which are contrary to all principles of American freedom, and which the people and their weather-cocks, the rulers, would have long ago suppressed, had they not feared losing votes. There is in the whole United States at least 12,000,000 working or producing people. The causes above mentioned have thrown about one-third out of employment, or reduced a large number to an amount equivalent to one-third; or thrown out 4,000,000 producers. Each of these would earn an average of \$300 a year; some more and some less, their food and clothing constituting a part. Multiply the 4,000,000 by the \$300, and we have a product no less than \$1,200,000,000, the same as actually sunk annually, because those who could earn this sum are idle. A much less sum consumed at the Chicago fire, was felt through every State in the Union. It is no wonder then that we have hard times, when so large an amount of what is the same as money, is constantly abstracted from the great pile of national prosperity.

Massachusetts Ploughman: Farmers are doing well when all other classes are doing little or nothing. The first wants of society have to be supplied at any rate, and that is something to depend on. People must live before they can make mutual profits; and the products of the soil are the first things that are called for. If prices are lower than they once were, so are the prices of commodities to the farmer who has his products to sell. He gets his advantage in one way, if he does not in another. If agriculture is to be relied on in a period of general stagnation, it certainly shows that it contains within itself the elements of a permanent and solid prosperity. And its strongest recommendation is that it always inculcates the lesson that it is fully to make haste to be rich.

It may be all very well for a person whose instincts are so refined that a dishonorable act would be an impossibility to talk about annihilation, but the doctrine of a future life is a restraint which we can't well do without. The practical operation of the general belief in immortality on the moral life of the community is greater than we think. To die like a dog is an incentive to live like one. To be nothing is to be nothing here.

It is reported that soon after the landing of the pilgrims they were reduced to great straits for the necessities of life, and a day of prayer was appointed on Thursday to implore divine aid, and late in the day a ship arrived bringing them food and clothing, and the day was changed from one of fasting to one of feasting. The custom of designating Thursday as a day of thanksgiving has been continued from this circumstance.

The darkness of night helps us to see the bright stars, the darkness of sorrow helps us to see God and heaven.

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